
Title: The Sealing of Doom

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Dungeons always have
secrets, deep down in
their cold depths, secrets
sometimes not meant to
be revealed, lest nature
itself tremble. Doom has
more secrets than most,
and we shall seal it up.

Strange abominations are
found within its walls
that are not natural to
this world, and indeed we
feel Doom is not of this
world, but perhaps of
the Underworld. Death
rules this dungeon, and it

is aptly named, for the
Ferryman tirelessly
provides passage to
certain Doom across the
river. Great power, Evil
power lurks there, and
there are rumors of dark
altars there that summon

Beasts of terrible Power.
To even cross the River
you must give a "gift" of
a Golden Skull to old
Chyloth, they say, a gory
practice indeed and not
one we wish to continue.
Some argue against us

and say there is a gift
to be had, even from
Death.. that death is a
part of life and
necessary to the
understanding of it, but
these lunatics will not
stop us from closing the

portal. Even now our
mages have begun to
weave the spells that will

close off the gates to
this land, and rid us
forever of the foul air
that seeps out of the
dungeon, sickening the

townsfolk and rotting
their mind. Some in
Umbra have even begun
TRYING to understand
Death, calling themselves
Necromancers. We have
asked all of the citizens
of the countryside and

the untainted town of
Luna to flee with us
before the moongates are
slammed shut, but some
linger, swearing they can
survive alone. It will be
their Doom. We want no
part of this obsession

with Death, whether there
is a Blessing to it or
not. Once the portals
are sealed to Malas,
those souls who stayed
can remain there forever
to face the fate they
have chosen. I care not.